THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 17, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1103.

Original Poetry.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY H. SWAIN, Jr.

All lonely and wild is the roofless abode.—*Campbell.*

By Delmore's quiet side of green,
Are ruins old that mark the spot
Where no long buried hearts hath been
A peasant's simple lot.
No sound of life now there be heard
Save hum of bee and chirp of bird—
And, when the moonlight fills the sky
The rustlers with their footsteps nigh
From fallen timbers which Decay
Hath moulded with his unrelenting grey.
And broken walls that scattered lay.
Two long grass and the flowers of old
Cross undisturbed and sweetly wild—
As Spring in careless loneliness
Ascends from beauty Winter's bonds,—
As in the wrecks of shattered bliss
Hope tends its brightest blooms.

How beautiful the scene around
This spot of undisguarded ground
Behind seems like a Romance's lay
Of Fairy favours that once were there
To enquaers we its glory gave
Before is their unfettered pale
The ample waters rolling wide,
Bearing on their fond breast the while
They trembles to the embracing gale,
Or glitter to the smile
The trackless bargue of bowing sail,
And freshly from the waves heal
The "Isle of Beauty" lifts its head,
Where many a bay and harbour's
And many a meadow glancing meet
In Nature's untrammel freshness view
Beneath the cheerful sky of blue
And in the distance grey is seen
The gentle form of rolling green,
Which from their piney mountain throne
Afar the wanderer look, but the line of fire
As quietly hath the Christian's brow
Death's pure collected rest

Love there once dwelt, though no tale
Were told of" rubber bold,
Of warrior crowned with honor and meed,
Of golden plume and coat of mail,
Or maiden fond, so eager that can
A blood-stained Romance on the Page,—
Like those which used the weekend hills
And valley of merrie old England stand,
Or echo back the song of ells

From Norna's mountain land

There whisper of the tenderness—
The tokens of present—the songs of pleasure—
The gentle sighs of love—the vows
The short-lived motions—and the smiles
The sweet expressions of the eye
The beams that to each other sling
Beamed on affection's holy wing
Unbeeming from their truth to cease
And all the bright-winged charms that bless
The Paradise of love
Here oft, while evening's weeping shade
Its sad drapery around it spread,
Hath the fond cottager returned
That flocked with many a one had fled
Where love with fadeless hearts hovered
And from the gentlest breast sighed
And from the gentlest breast sighed
Oh magic of a hidden spell
And here he shadows have been known
And rules the power that filled his breast
As gentle flowers and sweet
And here while warm were cold and high
And stronger was the night's sky
The wanderer and fond stone
Has hastening into his home
And in many of its wanderings
Upon his morning duties stood,
And by remembered to his mind
Of other years gone brightly by
They tell me that long Savage age
While cold and cheerless
And all its memories from our page
Of the Past—the Present—the Future
Of the Past the hues of feeling glow
Of the Present—the hues of truth
Of the Future—the hues of hope

Her lay of early gallantry
Had given her a generic mood,
And bound, in fetters of delight,
A coadjutor she might not control,
For the fair flower that Nature wears
To him she was earthly coronal,
Which ever makes that genius World seem
Of which Love is the centre—
As mankind with a radiant brow
Of Adam's Throne!

When woman's lip hath breathed a sigh
Our "succulent" just glided by—
And when the tear hath started down
Upon her cheek, it's a summer hour
When thoughts have sunset—feeling power,
And Fancy's wing of rainbow hues
Is waved by the breeze of love
How long are her life's tranquil stream
Of love's sweet current bearers above
With manner to the ardent brow
And soothing accents to the ear
Young Mary heard—as from her she
In morning blush had gone,
She gave her thoughts and sentiments
A kindly guise of welcome
To her—her worshipped one!
And they were never after seen
Apart—and "entwined daughter"
As Love's index of will and grace
By his fond hope
Some are they passed where Summer smiles
Eyes are of sunny skies
Some—but they sought the wooded West
Beneath whose green-leaved shade
The Indian and the hunter rest
Where Commerce "hail and bustle
Of "Old Continent" is not known
Where Nature's hand is strongest strung
Where the heart's chords are tuned
Will appear to the ardent heart
And nothing—nothing
Young Mary heard—as from her she
In morning blush had gone,
She gave her thoughts and sentiments
A kindly guise of welcome
To her—her worshipped one!
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Original Tales.

THE APPENNINE CAVE.
A Tale of Italy.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY H. A. C.

"Rule? Rule! silence of the living dead? hand of the poet's dream!" where every breath of wind, every thing animate or inanimate, the radiant skies above, the mirrored lakes beneath, all tell of love; though fallen then art lovely still. How surpassingly beautiful then must have been when asserting thy supremacy over the world; and in later times, when slowly declining from the former high estate, thy ruins still declining from the former high estate, thy ruins still declining from the former Greece, the seat of learning, and of earliest and classic love."

Such was the rapturous exclamation of George Delmore, a young Englishman, as from the top of the Pennyan sepulcre Alps, he viewed the sunny land of Petrarch and the Cæsars. How sublime it seemed was the scene around him with that stretching far away in the distance. Here, all was covered with snow, while perpetual verdure of ice had for centuries remained undisputed monarche of these glorious regions, unaffiliated by the power of the warmest sun which pours God gilded their crystal mountains, and each ear lingered longest around their shaggy paside. Below him—extending far, far to the south, he gazed upon the land of beauty, lady. How eagerly did he drink in the knowledge and enjoyment gained from viewing the works of the Almighty, for his head was free from pain, and it yet untouched by grief. Had he known that within the compass of his vision there existed the being who was to exert the greatest influence over his future destiny, for evil or for good, he could hardly have viewed the scene with greater admiration and delight.

It was late in the summer of 16— when Delmore alighted at the door of an inn in the secluded village of Alvino. It was dusk, the clock, that hung above the inn hand the hills, had left a remembrance of his power and glow on the common and golden colored clouds which overlaying the western sky. The attempt to describe an Italian sunset is useless; many have attempted it; did our ever succeed? Is there answer who have seen it. Suffice it to say, that at such an hour one feels himself unblemishly and entirely happy, so truly splendid is every thing above, below and around; none but a misanthrope could remain insensible to the grand and delightful hour.

Delmore, the wanderer, was in the corner of the cave, and Gertano, the leader of the little band who had captured Delmore, stood his accuser and also the foe of Malvina, at which one of the number influenced with rage for the loss of his friend, snatched his pistol from his belt, and with an exclamation of vengeance fired at Delmore's body he was so much intoxicated that it did no harm, and loud cries of "shame, shame, you have disobeyed our lady's orders," accompanied him—though as the villain remained himself he heard him mutter,

"Blood for blood."

At this moment the entrance of a tall commanding woman stilled the tumult, and attracted every eye.

It may seem somewhat strange that a woman should have such influence over a band of robbers, but surely a woman is hardly more out of her sphere of action, when leaving cities over lawless regions than when attempting to hold the reins of government or to contend in halls of legislation—such women may be admired, but it is with pity, for there is an unfeminine air about them that is not lovely.

The lady Arnina, by a somewhat singular train of circumstances, had come into the command of this company of banditti. Her father, the Lord Ernesto Arnina, had also a nickname of a most powerful family and consequently drawn upon himself the enmity of all the barons of his native province; finding himself in danger of the midnight dagger, and of being attacked at every opportunity his watchful foes could seize, he chose to live in the unknown cave on the northern side of the valley, where, in his youth he had discovered whilst hunting. His wife had died some years before, and his only child Arnina, at that time but six years of age, had wound herself around her father's heart by the most endearing ties.

For nearly twenty years Lord Frampani had pursued his lawless occupation, his band was composed of but few, and those well known to himself, for he dreaded the he might admit a traitor to the den. He lived the unhappy life of a murderer, and met his own fate in an unexpected manner. He was waylaid on the mountain by some of his enemies, who

SATURDAY POST.

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Saturday Morning, September 17.

Redding & Co., No. 8 State Street, Boston, are agents for the Saturday Evening Post, and receive subscriptions for the year, as well as *sell single copies of the paper.* It will be found on their counter every Saturday morning.

DEATH OF MRS. TYLER.

Mrs. Letitia Tyler, wife of the President of the United States, died of paralysis, at Washington, on Saturday last, in the fifty-first year of her age. For some days preceding her decease, she has suffered under the attack which proved fatal to her, but her friends and relations fondly indulged the hope that the illness was "not unto death," until a few hours prior to her departure. Her loss has fallen heavily on her many friends, to whom her personal virtues peculiarly endeared her. The National Intelligencer speaks in the following strain respecting the deceased. "This estimable lady was, in life, more truly than we can represent her in words, a wife, a mother, and a Christian—loving and confiding to her husband—gentle and affectionate to her children—kind and charitable to the needy and afflicted. Deeply impressed in early life by her highly respected and pious parents with the truthful and heavenly doctrines of the meek Jesus, in all her actions, with whatever sphere in life connected, self was forgotten by her, and the good of others alone remembered, which won for her wherever she was known the love and esteem of all." The funeral took place at four o'clock, on Monday evening, from the Presidential Mansion. The body was conveyed, on Tuesday, to the family burial ground, near Williamsburg, Va.

...never make your columns the vehicle of personal slander—and never incite others, either directly or indirectly, to a breach of law. Remember that in becoming editors you do not cease to be gentlemen.

BOTANICAL STUDIES.

The sciences, like the men by whom they are cultivated, and the countries in which they flourish, have their periods of youth, of maturity, and decay; and many of the discoveries that immortalize the learned, should be regarded as the discoveries of the age, as much as of the individuals by whom they are made.

Learning, in the strictest sense, is calculation; and each succeeding generation inherits that of the foregoing, on which it builds as a foundation,—whence a more extended view can be taken of the vast ocean of truth, that still lies undiscovered, before it. If one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived likened his brilliant discoveries to finding of a "smoother pebble or a prettier weed than his fellow wanderers on the coast of science," let it not be thought that the credit is but slight to be the first to find these smooth and pretty stones, and plants, even if smoother and prettier should be subsequently found. It is not, then, a vain distinction to find these truths, which the tide of knowledge equally submits to every eye, and proffers to every hand; for it is no empty privilege to be blessed with eyes that, while they see, perceive, and ears that, hearing, understand: but the merit is far greater to drag them from the waves with outstretched arm, before the flood has cast them on the shore; and the honor greater still to cleave the surge with adventurous limbs, and pluck them from the bosom of the deep. Such "rari nantes in gurgite vasto," alone deserve, and they alone can claim, the unassociated possession of the discoveries they make.

These remarks spring not from a spirit of detraction in general; neither are they intended as special means of depreciating the daily earnings of the present, by unduly extolling the accumulations of the past; but rather with a wish that both should enjoy the honors they have gained, and from a conviction that neither will sink in absolute esteem, by allowing their full worth to the labors of the other. Our fathers were, on many points of necessity, less advanced in knowledge than ourselves; and if they occasionally, by anticipation, have, as it were, "stolen our good thoughts," they have left us a vast fortune of experience, bought by their exertions. [illegible]

CULTIVATING THE PEACH.

The enormous sums which have been made, for several years past, in the peach trade, would, we should suppose, turn the attention of our farmers to the cultivation of this fruit. Hitherto there has been so many failures in the setting out of orchards that many persons have become dispirited, and abandoned the undertaking. It seems, however, that the fault lies in the ignorance of the cultivator. A paper was read, on this subject, at the late meeting of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, embodying considerable information on this subject. The fact of the land having ceased to produce peach trees as formerly in New Jersey, near Camden, was mentioned, and accounted for, from the farmers not being aware that land requires a change of fruit trees as much as of any other crops. There can be no question as to the growth of peach trees with proper management in land not previously bearing them.

"It would seem, however," says the report, "that peach trees are short lived in the vicinity just mentioned, while near Delaware City, trees are now bearing which were known to have been planted many years since. A useful fact was mentioned in relation to the means of forcing a pear tree to bear fruit, which had proved barren for upwards of thirty years. The owner was advised to bury a small quadruped at the roots; this was done, and the next year and ever since the produce has been abundant. The explanation is, that by digging among the roots, many of them must have been cut, the luxuriance of growth was checked, and the formation of fruit buds or oviparous branches thereby encouraged. A similar effect has followed the digging up of fruit trees and replacing them with some fresh mould. The reader is referred for further information on this subject to Mr. Knight's treatises on the culture of the Pear and Apple tree, and to Dr. Darwin's inestimable 'Phytologia on the Philosophy of Gardening and Agriculture.'" Section 15."

Another fact was stated of the recovery and entire vigor of a decaying peach tree, by the simple process of entwining the body of it with a stout cotton rope greased. The tree now bears a full crop of fine fruit.

TEXAS AND MEXICO.

Intelligence to the 29th ult. has been received from Texas. Col. McLeod, with the remainder of the Santa Fe prisoners, arrived at Galveston on Sunday, the 21st ult., having been out ten days from Vera Cruz. Fourteen of the men died with the black vomit at Vera Cruz, after their liberation, three joined the Mexican service, and Captain Holliday died on the passage; leaving, besides those who had previously died or been liberated, and some who design going direct to the United States, the number of 183. By way of Texas, we learn that the Mexican expedition for the reconquest of Texas promises to be a failure for the present. Three hundred of the men designed for it deserted on the way to Vera Cruz, and forty died of black vomit after their arrival, previous to the departure of the Santa Fe prisoners; besides, the report that the Texan fleet was at sea, and would be likely to fall in with them on their voyage, had created quite a panic among them. The expedition designed disembarking at Tobasco, and not Campeachy, as reported, though the design is to march to Campeachy. There is no danger, it is thought, of the fall of Yucatan, unless the parties there are already very nearly balanced. The expedition was to consist of two thousand men. Fifteen hundred, less the number deserted and dead, were at Vera Cruz, although they are reported to have been dying of black vomit, like rotten sheep, and five hundred were daily expected to arrive. It was thought by many in Texas that, through the joint interposition of the agents of the United States and British Governments, a treaty of peace may be agreed on between Texas and Mexico, and that a period may be thus put to the further effusion of blood. There is no other news of importance.

DEATHS BY GAS.

There cannot be too much caution used in descending old wells, lime-kilns or other places where noxious gases may be supposed to collect. Accidents, from carelessness in such cases, are continually occurring. We find, in a late Derry Standard, an account of the deaths of three persons in consequence of criminal neglect in en- [illegible]

SALE OF DURHAM CATTLE.

A sale of Durham cattle was held on Thursday of last week, at the Rising Sun, near this city, the animals being from the herd of Jas. Gowen, Esq., of Mount Airy. It may not be uninteresting for those of our readers who are farmers to learn the prices which the stock commanded. The bids were not as high as were expected, and it is said the calves of the "Dairy Maid" sold particularly low. We give the names of the purchasers. Roan Anna, roan, 4 years old, $125, Charles B. Calvert, Esq. of Prince George's county, Md. Gloucester, roan, a calf 4 months old, $50, Mr. Henry Chorley, Dairyman, Falls of Schuylkill, Philada. Pocahontas, imported, light roan, 6 years old, $150, Charles B. Calvert, Esq. Young Cherry, calf of Pocahontas by Prince of Wales, red and white, 21 months old, $80, J. W. Ashmead, Esq., Delaware county. Roanoke, roan, calf of do. by do., 5 months old, $60, Charles B. Calvert, Esq. Victoria, imported, roan, 8 years old, $100, Samuel Leiper, Esq., Delaware county. Simon Snyder, dark roan, calf to the above, 16 months old, $102 50, J. W. Ashmead, Esq. Juno, white, a calf of Dairy Maid, $155, Charles B. Calvert, Esq. Calisto, white, 6 months old, calf of Dairy Maid, $100, Dennis Kelly, Esq., Delaware county. Rosy Ann, red and white, 7 months old, $70, George H. Thomson, Esq., of Germantown. Dolly, roan, 2 years old, by Prince of Wales, $120, Charles B. Calvert, Esq. Young American Comet, white, 2 months old, $30, Mr. Alsop, of Montgomery county. Young Rowan, red and white, calf, $40, Aaron Clement, Esq., of Philadelphia county. Calves Prince Albert, 5 months old; Mars, 6 months old; Ned of the Hill, 9 months old, and Cow Kitty Clover, withdrawn.

CHEAP FLOUR AND DEAR BREAD.

The Ledger complains, with very good reason, that while the price of flour is but about one half as great as it was three or four years ago, the bakers give us loaves of the same price, and of the same size. The prices of all other articles are lower now than they have been for some years, occasioned by the diminution in the quantity of the currency, and the consequent increase in its purchasing power or value. From this cause alone the same sized loaf that sold at five and ten cents a year or two ago, should now be sold at a less price, or the same priced loaf should be increased in size. Under this state of things it would be much more economical to families to buy their own flour and make their own bread. The season is now favorable to the practice, and it would, no doubt, be attended with profitable results. Flour is cheap, fuel is cheap, and the improved construction of stoves, has made important changes in favor of an economical use of the latter article. Try it; the times require the exercise of economy and the saving of every item of expense.

General News.

☞ On the 3d instant, two boys, one about fourteen and the other eight years old, sons of Mr. Peter Johnson, living in Bangor, Maine, went out on a gunning excursion in the woods. The oldest boy attempted to fire at some object in a tree, when the rifle missed fire, and on bringing it down to examine the lock it went off, and the whole charge of shot entered the neck of the little boy, who was about ten feet distant, just below the jawbone, and a little in front of the ear, and came out on the opposite side, killing him instantly. They were about a mile in the woods, and after in vain trying to staunch the wound, and to revive consciousness in his brother, the eldest boy took his bleeding and dead brother in his arms and proceeded homewards, until overcome with grief and fatigue, he laid the body of his brother upon the grass, adjusted his limbs, and casting many anxious looks upon him, he started for home to convey the sad news to his parents and surviving brothers and sisters.

☞ A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writing from Kent county, Michigan, says:—"Things look quiet, and the merchants are struggling hard to keep up their credit. Most, if not all, will succeed, although money is scarce and hard to be got. We have no Bank nearer than two hundred miles, which makes it difficult and expensive remitting. The fields of wheat—sometimes one hundred acres together—look finely. Many [illegible]

☞ The State of Illinois is said to be one of the best adapted to the production of wool in the Union. A large quantity of this valuable staple has been brought into Chicago this season from the northern part of the state. The raising of wool must be a very profitable business in this country, particularly since the enactment of a Tariff. Parts of the State of Pennsylvania are well adapted to the growth of wool, and this branch of production is worthy the attention of the industry and capital of this State.

☞ The United Canadian Parliament commenced its session at Kingston, on Thursday, 7th inst. Sir Charles Bagot's speech to the two Houses, commences with an allusion to the death of Lord Sydenham; then refers, briefly, to the birth of a Prince in England, and to the attempt upon the life of the Queen, and rejoices that the important questions affecting Canada and the United States have been adjusted. He hopes soon to be able to announce the ratification of the Treaty by Her Majesty.

☞ The last Paris (Mo.) Sentinel says: "For eight or ten days past, we have had almost incessant rains and mists in this country; and a few hours sunshine, on one day this week, scalded, and has in all probability, killed thousands of dollars worth of tobacco in the hill. We are informed that the tobacco which has been most injured, was cultivated in lists and drills; that which escaped unhurt was cultivated as it is in Virginia and Maryland, by hilling and hoeing."

☞ The New Orleans Bee, of the 4th inst., says:—"It is now a conceded point that the fever is among us in an epidemic form. The cases are numerous. We ourselves know of eight or ten in private practice. Thus far, however, the disease has assumed an unusually mild type. It is attended with few of those fearful symptoms which last year invested the attack with so many horrors, and in general it yields without difficulty to prompt remedial treatment."

☞ The Agricultural Society of New Castle county, will hold their Annual Show and Horticultural Exhibition, at Wilmington, Del., on Wednesday and Thursday of next week. A Ploughing Match will take place on the second day. The annual address will be delivered by James M. Garnett, Esq., of Virginia. We have no doubt but that it will prove a very interesting occasion, and will be visited by many of our Pennsylvania farmers.

Political Intelligence.

☞ A bill districting the State of New York for the election of its thirty-four members of Congress under the new census, has finally passed both Houses of the Legislature, received the signature of the Governor, and become a law. The bill is represented as being a very fair one, and as giving satisfaction to the majority of both political parties. The Legislature, having settled this question of apportionment, closed its session on Wednesday, the 7th inst.

☞ The New York Tribune, referring to the probability of a contest between Messrs. Clay and Calhoun, says:—"It would be a spectacle to stir the blood to witness these two master spirits of the times arrayed against each other for President in a contest which to each must be final. It would be like the meeting of Hannibal and Scipio on the field of Zama, or of Napoleon and Wellington at Waterloo."

☞ The following gentlemen have been mentioned as candidates for Governor of Pennsylvania, at the next election:—T. H. T. McKennan, Francis R. Shunk, Jacob Sallade, Henry A. Muhlenberg, George M. Keim, John Davis, Thomas S. Bell, Wm. F. Packer, Robert Fleming, Edward B. Hubley, Arnold Plumer, N. B. Eldred, David D. Wagener, C. L. Carpenter, and John C. Plumer.

☞ The Whigs of New York have nominated Luther Bradish and Gabriel Furman, of Kings county, as candidates for Governor and Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York. The Democratic Convention nominated Mr. Bouck for Governor, and Mr. D. S. Dickinson for Lieutenant Governor. The latter gentleman had previously declined.

☞ At a meeting of the Democratic Convention, of the State of Massachusetts, held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, last week, at which from 1500 to 2000 delegates were present, Marcus Morton was nominated as a candidate for Governor, and H. H. Childs for Lieut. Governor at the ensuing election, by acclamation.

☞ The contested election for members of legislature in Indiana appears finally to be settled, giving as the result a majority of ten for the Whigs in the Senate, and a majority of ten for the Democrats in the House. Mr. Baird, one of the Whig Senators, has lately died, but a new election has been ordered. [illegible]

SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance if at the month.

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Remittances must always state the Post office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

The Nut Cracker.

☞ We often hear some folks—may they live a thousand years and never grow ugly—wondering innocently what sort of a thing a lion-letter is. We've always, hitherto, referred them to Major Perne, who knows *everything*; but a late number of the Picayune contains a candid which we publish for the benefit of all enquirers. It should be premised that the editor of "The Perfect Letter Writer,"

PITTSFIELD, COMMONS, June 10, 1842.

Dear Janies—He's now gone on three long and dowry years sens sens a letter to Miss Larrabee among fox cuss, murderers, taller fever and other heathens, and I cuds do believe I shall have to turn out and see you if you don't come to me. I can't stand it much longer, that's so how—I shouldn't kno you was in the land of the leven at all if it wasn't for the newspapers you was nominated as candidate for H. Childe for Lord, Governor and reclamation.

as for members of legislature—I am settled, already, on three of Whigs in the Senate, and a majority in the House. Mr. Saunders, has lately died, but a good

and sound and ninety-one tonnes majority over Basile, Democrat. Small Bank Notes or solvent Banks received in payment for our Gazette.

will be constituted as follows: senate 11; House, Whigs 122.

connor, has called an extra session of the Legislature to meet on the 1st October, and threw to take measures and things, munching the Mainer election, so far as re-liable falling off from last year's and in the counties heard from, Congressmen in Portland, but in Falmouth.

in Iowa, given for Council; 1 of 1 Conservative, and for Representatives, and 2 Conservatives.

& Navy.

commodore Ballard, charged with to officer and a gentleman, is ordered to Portsmouth Captain Hodgson, Esq., and reading and are contained in it; also, in offer-ing to the Commodore was not herself of this city.

of was Marion, Commander of the Navy Yard, and the Commodore the Naval Hospital, the U. S. ship Pennsylvania, having the broad pennant gate Constellation, Capt. Parker, Commander Armstrong, and the Captain Read, Commander Ridgely, ought to something more than bread to keep him from starving. He has a right to the aids and encouragements and culture he needs, and the State ought to reason, and said society is brought to recognise and reverence this, it will continue to grade under its present nearness." Who does not respond to the noble feelings of this sentiment; and how shall we calculate the good it has done and will yet do? Well has Lowell said:

Noble thoughts like thistle-seed
Winged by poet's breath of song
Drop their heedless germs for
Which will multiply their kind.

☞ Mrs. ——, whose home down by trouble, often despond overmuch, deeming themselves wholly deserted and alone. Let such remember that the Lord is their Father, and that He loves them with a love of infinite tenderness. How true is the sentiment of Longfellow's fine lines!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly forlorn,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds to it with interest waste
Responds to it with answering sympathy
And whispers in its song
"Lo! I am with you and forever more."

☞ In the way of epitaphs few are better than the following, copied from a Scottish tombstone:

Here lies Wm. Wilson,
Who was a keen auctioneer.
He was two years under the hammer,
And four he remained very clean and neat
He went over
At the bottle of Waterloo.
He was after in a bailie,
Plumb through the gullet
And came out at the back of his coat!

☞ The Major of the Germantown Telegraph, after dinner one day last week, got it into his head that a certain friend of his friend was about to fight a duel. He sat down and wrote the following:—"I unfortunately there is to be some bloodshed resulting from it as are contemplated in the world, it may be convenient to them for us to mention, that we are always ready to serve a friend, or enemy, take his place, and should be long up to the mark." We recommend drilling four time since in such business terms."—*Ledg.* Major.

☞ Read the following:—

"An event may be said to be necessarily unlawful, if it is wrong, and should be discountenanced by every observer of law and order." Good doctrine, that.

This will be news for Philadelphia lawyers! The act of *dispersion* instead of being "wrong," would be right, and on the high road to celebrity will excite—but then our friend of the Telegraph has such a sweeping way of laying down propositions!

☞ Major Frue sticks to us yet. He is determined to abscond on Tuesday night in the mail coach, and as some of these days, we shall give the character, by quoting an old couplet that hits it off exactly. Meantime, Major, charge away. You have our only chance of getting comfortably in by pitching upon us, and going down to posterity.

A rascal in carving on an eagle's back."

☞ John Paul has canny fine thoughts. Here is one, "Man has two monitors and a half to love—one to smile —one to sigh—and a half to love—for in the middle of the minute he is both." Here is another, and a good one for the shirting trade of an angel that seeks us. When the unknown hand throws the last fatal dart at the end of time—then heaven has to pull out the dart only that the crimson of them from his wounds."

☞ Joe Smith commences a leading article in his Nauvoo "Times and Seasons" with the scriptural verse,

"It is will be well spoken of by all men."

Joe's style of writing is not exactly the style to commend in the style of a deeply injured man to tenderness for calumnies heaped upon the "Latter Day Saints," and then proceeds to detail the history of his own persecution and arrest.

☞ A Worcester paper has the following flight into the realms of the fanciful before us a gleed of the regions of the moon, and the inhabitants of the lunar kingdom. Wonderful are the discoveries of modern science! Lewis Connelly, of Cincinnati, has discovered a ——. Illicit Stuffs of Piping forms, Cincinnati Chemical Journal. N. Vandusen, of Kensington, Conn., Journal. Samuel H. Slingluff & Co., Cooper, Southwark. We do it.

Institute of chemistry and Mechanics, John Ludlow, D. D. Professor of Physics on Fuel—iron. Professor, on the fine arts—Samuel George M. Bowen, Lawrence, and Dr. Robert M. Patterson.

Institution of the Horticultural Society of Philadelphia, Thursday, 9th inst., we understand it will equal, if not surpass any of the kind, ever given in this city.

ustly has resolved to support the Union for this city and county.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Nearly all the country and some of the city newspapers have a "poet's corner," since the contents of which the word "original" is very often pretended. The verses which follow are generally not much superior to those of Shakspeare, Milton, and Co., but they are often respectable, and win great reputation for their authors. We have before us an example of the way in which they are made, which may be of advantage to some juvenile aspirants. As is well known, Mr. Bryant is one of the regular contributors to Graham's Magazine, for the August number of which he wrote the following beautiful poem:

THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Seven long years he dwelt in the desert sun
Drooped in the shade that hide the flow'r;
Seven long years of sorrow and pain,
I have thought of my father.

Far on the centres of the West,
None who found their beliefs that die
They who heaped the earth on thy breast.
Turned from the spot with a sigh.

There, I think, on that lonely grave,
Violets spring in the soft May weather;
There in the summer breezes wave
Crimson gilies and primrose flower.

There the turtle slight, and there
Feeds with the sweetest I have the due;
There, when the winter woods are bare,
Walks the wolf on the crackling snow.

Soon will there weep near my tears;
Yonder cloud in the earth we lay her
Over my father, full of years,
Here whose steps I have watched and stayed

All my work is finished here;
Every sorrow that comes me up,
Brings the forms of the lost and dear,
Shows me the world of my father's hope.

This deep sound that bleeds and aches,
This long sorrow—I have thought pain—
When the father are spent taken
I shall feel it no more again.

We find in a number of the *Vermont Telegraph*, published since the appearance of the above, a production which will be found to be a very fair rival, enough to prove that its author has genius very similar, if not equal, to that of BRYANT. Perhaps, however, Bryant by comparison is entitled to the palm of the MS. of "The Maiden's Sorrow," in which each word is correctly written, while the other is merely an imitation of the hand of Stephenson.

THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

BY ——.

For many a month has the gentle rain
Drooped from the cloud that hide the face
For many a month of sorrow and pain,
Have I thought of the home I gave.

Far, far away in the land of the West,
He who had loved I sought to shield
And there who hearted the earth over the breast
Turned from the spot with a deep sigh.

Wild I think of the lonely grave,
Mid violets springing in the early summer;
And the willow in summer breezes wave,
O'er the grave of my father.

But alas! this hearted not our daughter
Who heaped the earth on the breast
And while we think of the cold clay falling from,
We rejoice that the spirit's free.

My work is well nigh done in this world,
Every slumber that closes my eye,
Brings forms of the lost and dear,
Tells this I too soon must die.

The hour that bleeds and aches,
The long and countless pain—
When God my father's spirit takes,
I shall feel no more, no more again.

Stephenson's, N. Y. 1842. R. R. S.

HORRORS OF WAR.

The horrors of war have often been the theme of orators, poets, and moralists, but no man has more forcibly depicted them than Curlyle in the following passage: Indeed this is peculiarly forcible on a subject like this. "What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdudge, usually some few hundred souls. From these, by certain natural outshine of the Powers, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able bodied men. These thirty, in a village somewhat used to marching, are put through their exercises, and, without difficulty and notice, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another can build, another hammer—in short, the village stand under thirty stone assubiquots. Nevertheless, send such sweeping and conveying they are selected—from Dan to Beersheba, from Dumdudge to the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain, and there fight, suppose, with some that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artizans, from a French Dumdudge, in like manner wrenched out of their old haunts, and the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and there stand bloating thirty, each with a gun in his hand, and straightway, on word of command, Fire!" and the thirty shoot each his fellow, and in place of sixty industrial craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, more than half-a-score of widows and broken hearts for. Had these men any quarrel? Boys as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived for enough apart; more the thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain. And does one of that same spot, in the south of Spain, see thirty similar French artizans, from a French Dumdudge, in like manner wrenched out of their old haunts, and the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and there stand bloating thirty, each with a gun in his hand, and straightway, on word of command, Fire!" and the thirty shoot each his fellow, and in place of sixty industrial craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, more than half-a-score of widows and broken hearts for. Had these men any quarrel? Boys as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived for enough apart; more the thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain. And does one of that same spot, in the south of Spain, are

Gems from the Poets.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

A HYMN OF THE SEA.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
His restless billows. Thou, whose hand hath keep
His boundless gulf and built his shore, thy breath
That ministers to the tempest it to the fire,
Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves,
To its strong master, rest and rise and fall.
Roll from that realm of rain thy cloud goes up,
As at the bidding of some spell divine,
And the wide wilderness is fruitful. Lonely smiles
And keep her valleys green. The rivers seek
The sea, but find it not, and, weeping on the wind,
And in the dumpness thereof, with gladness, hear
The promise of the harvest. I look forth,
Over the boundless blue, where, joyously,
The bright crests of innumerable waves
Glance to the sun or turn, when the broad beach
Of a great solitude are spread Hung
In settlement. I behold the gallant ship,
Gliding from coast to coast, from side to side,
Bearing the wealth of realms, and intercourse
From the old world. It is thy friendly breeze
That bears them, with the riches of the land,
And treasures of dear form, till, in the port,
The cheering seamen climbs and furls the sail.
But who shall hide thy footprints, who shall flee
The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?
Oh God! thy justice makes the world turn pale,
When on the ocean floor, that royally
Thou didst appoint it, and the storm began to smite
Some city, or israel more highly favored, thou
Descends the fiercer crusade. The vast hulks
Are whirled like chaff upon the winter: the mole
Fit, rent like weir of pasteboard; the masts
Are snapped i asunder, drowned from the decks.
Downward are slung, into the fathomless gulf.
Their crowd engines, and their hearts, meanwhile,
In trappings of the battle-field, are whitened
By whirlwind, or decked coral grows the locks
Thus stand the nations still with awe, and pause.
Thou sendest forth thy spirit, and they rise.
Three nations, surges rid away the dead,
Of earth's old countenance, the fertile plain
Withers in shallows, breathable channels deep down,
And the tide drifts the sea-sand in the streets
Of the drowned city. Thus beneath the waves,
In the green chambers of the middle sea,
Where lavender toward the sun-set sleeps all the late
Sinks deepest, while no ripe beholds thy work.
Thou hidest from the day the coral grove,
Thy by his mighty teeth. From age to age,
He builds beneath the waters, till at last,
He acknowledgeing the dust, and the sea-weed
The long wave rolling from the Southern pole
To break upon Japan. Then hide the fires,
That smoulder under ocean, heave on high
The new made mountains, and their bases peaks.
A place of refuge for the sea-shivered land.
The lands and waters, that thou only canst
Thy hand upon the waters fountains gush, and wave
Fresh living lakes rise, fringed with flowers,
Are gathering in the hollows. Then rise forth
On the creation and pronounce it good.
Its valleys, gladness with their summer green,
Praise thee in silent beauty, and its woods,
Rustle in the unwearied music of a Creator, not
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER, FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE FAILURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE, AN EVERY-DAY STORY."

CHAPTER I.

"But then to see how we're overpowered!
How hard'd and cuff'd and downpecked!
I see how folk live that live to rise,
But rarely part fish must be scratches."—*Barry Cornwall.*

"Are you not sorry, Mrs. Warrington, for the poor Lees?" To be brought from an income of twelve hundred a year to three! Ah! that United States Bank! how much misery it has to answer for!"

"I was indeed sorry to hear of their losses, Ellen," replied Mrs. Warrington; "but I think—" she added with a smile, "that the word 'misery' should scarcely be coupled with an income of three thousand a year. Surely, it is enough for the essentials of life, though not for its superfluities, and I trust, Ellen, you do not wish to open those eyes to essential to happiness."

"I think they constitute a great deal more to happiness, Mrs. Warrington, than you seem aware of," answered Miss Manners, gaily. "If you are ignorant of the value of your beautiful home, of your comfort of your opera-box, the charms of an exquisite bulletin, and all the numerous luxuries of wealth, depend upon it it is only because you never knew what it was to live with them. Indeed, Mrs. Warrington, I do respect economy and its superfluities, as you call them, and I bow much to them dressed; a new will; they keep us from being bankrupts, and are essential to a large family. Think only of all the evil virtues, for instance, they have been the means of preventing in—"

"And consequence too," joined in Mrs. Warrington, dead. Mrs. Warrington, I fully agree with you. God! The poor Lees have fallen grievously; she added, "I know nothing experimentally of poverty, but I find it she had chosen to look for misfortune to dwell upon, difficult enough to manage with her upon such a pit and how the Lees will contrive with a young person constance I do not know," she added, after a pause, "for the extinction of wealth, and—"

"Perhaps," said Ellen, "the privations that Ellen will given sufficient moral reformation may be more necessary to—"

"The privations that Ellen will suffer," interrupted Mrs. Warrington, "I have hardly given sufficient thought to. Her character has always been so much under mine on new would a matter of not which. Surely the Lees must always occupy an important position in society. Mr. Lee's misfortunes must, indeed, be bad character he has always borne, while Mrs. Lee retains her graceful manners and sweetness of temper, must be loved and admired, and I see the accomplishments and gifts of the young people must make them ever the favorites that they are now in society. I hope, Ellen, that you will not tell me that they are not fitted peculiarly to the entertainment they give. We have enough and to spare of them. Believe me, however, grace and accomplishments stand always have their due value with the young; and who can say the aged and reflective can esteem worth less because it is unostentatious."

"Well," said Ellen, laughing, "I am sorry to be so unsentimental, Mrs. Warrington; but I must say that I regard and reflecting are those who value money most. They esteem it for itself alone, while we young ones only love its accompaniments. And then let me tell you, Mrs. Warrington, that it is not so agreeable now as formerly. They will no longer be able to dress as extensively, and consequently will lose their style and fashion; they will cease to be gay and amusing—for who can be so quiet and witty when he has lost your—and of course they will no longer be agreeable. And ten to one they will become sensitive and irritable, and as sick about if they don't end in growing positively disagreeable, they will be amazingly well."

"For Ellen," said Mrs. Warrington, smiling, "if I did not know that you are not the little worldling you affect, I should be half afraid of you. I have no fears however, should my beautiful foil be unmoved; but that you would love me just as well—as ever."

"I won't commit myself," continued Ellen, gaily. "In my cool professions, were you reduce to such a case to remain always the same sweet-tempered, kind-spirited, grateful, generous woman that you are now—"

"And why should I not remain just as I am, Ellen? My tastes are simple, and I hope even you cannot accuse me of pinning my happiness on an opera box and equipage," answered Mrs. Warrington.

"Your tastes are very simple, Mrs. Warrington. A simple response that I admire exceedingly, and that must your present position perfectly. The 'simplicity' of these beautiful rooms is a poem; and the 'simplicity' of that elegant dress of Dante muslin, with its floating draperies and fine lace, and those pure white camelias, missed in your own hot-house, are in beautiful keeping. A 'simplicity,'" continued the lively girl, "that cost your husband more, I imagine, than a dozen 'sets of silk.'"

"Nonsense, Ellen! I won't be laughed at this way. When I talk of simple tastes, I mean those that do not depend on the extraneous circumstances you lay such stress upon. I do not regard society nor my acquaintances. I am fond of reading, and music, and—"

"Fond of reading and music!" Heaven help your ignorance, dear Mrs. Warrington! And these are the tastes you think fitting for a poor man's wife! Do you love to see, Mrs. Warrington! Can you cut out your children's clothes? Do you delight in the mysteries of housekeeping? Is among a broom where a broom should and not? Can you plan an evening's entertainment and catching the house-maid lettering when she should be at work? Can you mend and can you make? Can you bone and can you bake? These are the accomplishments by poverty. I suppose you have drawn your ideas of that happy state from Washington Irving's Wife, and have pictured to yourself your husband sitting in a while, with said flowers in your hair, and play upon the harp and ear wives'stories and cream. I wonder who picked those strawberries, Mr. Irving has described as so early gathered as flowers—and whom the cream came from? Did the boy, too, that supplies a young fortune to keep it in range? Ah! Mrs. Warrington, that's a pretty, romantic picture I admit, but still fancy a study, sure."

"Indeed, Ellen, it is pastry that has gone home to many a home before it is founded in truth. And as through you laugh, and I know you feel it. You could not love or respect me if you thought that while I was the head and children and health are spent on exterior circumstance could much diminish my present happiness."

She spoke with an earnestness that brought the glow upon her cheek, and a light in her dark eye so much that her would have wished her ignorance enlightened and her shallowness deepened. Her husband, who sat at a little distance, occasionally listening to the conversation, looked up for lovely wife, and as a darkening shade crossed his brow, sighed and mentally exclaimed: "Poor Mrs. Warrington never knew otherwise."

Mrs. Warrington had been an only child, and was transplanted from her father's house, where she had been cherished in every comfort, to her husband's more elegant abode, to be encompassed with a refined luxury that love, taste, and wealth only could conspire and bestow. Married to one who had cultivated her imagination and warped her love for a romance of ardent accomplishment with nobility of mind and devoted affection, to delight! to see that her wife was a child, and, hence having experienced a shadow of care or sorrow, what wonder is it that at the age of twenty-one she should still imagine this life an "enchanted fairy land," and deem her whole happiness bound up about in the things that filled her heart?

"Well," said Ellen Manners the next morning to her sister, "I do think Mrs. Warrington is the happiest woman I know. She is so beautiful and rich, and her children are such little loves—and then always had a little cloud of Mr. Warrington, yet he is a noble-looking man, and seems devoted to his wife."

"She is indeed a beautiful woman," replied her sister, "and one can scarcely find fault with her."

"It is her grace," continued Ellen, "that I particularly admire. Every thing she puts on falls round her to beautifully! There seems a charm in every thing she touches. Her dress seems 'typed and nonsense' to her shape. If she puts a flower in her hair, it touches there as if it loved the luxurious being it adorns. Her features too fall and curl so gracefully toward her glowing cheek, as if they longed to like it. And that beautiful, classic little head, with its rich hair, and those full, glorious eyes, and the turn of that lovely throat! Oh! she is indeed exquisite; and that unworldly enthusiasm seems so in keeping with her beauty, that I love it."

Sentimental soulful every luxury—the sense of womanly happiness!

CHAPTER II.

"Darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."—*Bailey.*

"Ellen," said Mr. Manners to his daughter, a short time after the preceding conversation, "did I not hear you say that Mrs. Warrington was here this morning?"

"I dare say, papa, for I think her the most enviable of human beings."

"Well, my dear, I am sorry for your friend and her husband too. What is the matter with them?"

"Why, what has happened to them, papa?"

"He has failed."

"Failed! Is it possible? I thought him so rich!"

Alas! it was too true. The unexpected failure of a great commercial house in New Orleans involved Mr. Warrington in immense losses.

Mrs. Warrington had marked her husband's pale brow and restless manner for a few days past, but could not be troubled any explanation of his uneasiness, whatever they were, she with the delicacy and tact that ever made her forbore to question or even apparently to notice his depression. His gloom deepened, however, and her fears became excited. Not that she thought of his business, for she was too inexperienced and ignorant of pecuniary matters to suspect any danger. But her absent husband came more painful for its very vagueness. It continued this mood for days, when one morning, after scarcely touching his light breakfast, hurriedly quitted the house. His wife watched him from the window, and then began to beat with an undefined anxiety of the "knowno-what." She more painful to endure than the knowledge of positive misfortune. He returned about eleven o'clock at night, accompanied by a couple of gentlemen, and without stopping to see her, hastened to the library. The whole was so unusual that Mrs. Warrington's feeling became wound up to a pitch scarcely endurable. The sound of loud voices reached her ear, and the discussion seemed long and earnest. She grew deadly pale, and her heart beat as if it would burst from its fearful throbbings. At last she heard the shutting of doors and the parting steps. She listened for her husband's approach, but there was no sound. The stillness of the house was to her apprehensive mood fearful. Presently she heard the library door open, and Mr. Warrington's step. Could it be her husband's? She doubted, for it was not the quick decided tread to which she was used. The footsteps she heard a hand upon the lock of the door. She drew her breath and stood spell-bound. A moment more and her husband stood before her. But oh! the anguish of the sight!

His wife uttered one cry, and was upon his neck. "My husband, my husband, George, and tell me all!"

He could only strain her to his heart, and bow his head upon her shoulder in speechless despair. She waited a spell, but his lips only moved, and his brow darkened with an anguish painful to look upon.

"Dear, dear George, what is it?" I can bear any thing but this suspense."

He gazed at her for a moment, and then said in a voice low and hoarse from what a few quick ear would scarcely have caught it: "We are ruined, Mary!"

She raised her head. "Ruined! How! What do you mean?"

"I have failed."

She drew a long breath, and her heart seemed to cease its functions.

"Oh, George, how you have relieved me! I have been—I—I—"

"Great God!" he cried, "what would you have more? Is not my husband's imagination a fearful one?"

"Yes, my husband's imagination is fearful," she replied. "But, dearest George, can the prospect of folding her arms around him, and of pillowing his head upon her bosom, that would be so terrible? Oh! my husband, my husband, I am all yours all that surrounds us, and tell me, has not the loss fallen when we lost our children, and we have still our health, a long life before us? Have we not youth and health, George? Can we not begin anew? Can we not—"

"